Vol. CXLV. No. 1887.

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THE BYSTANDER February 14, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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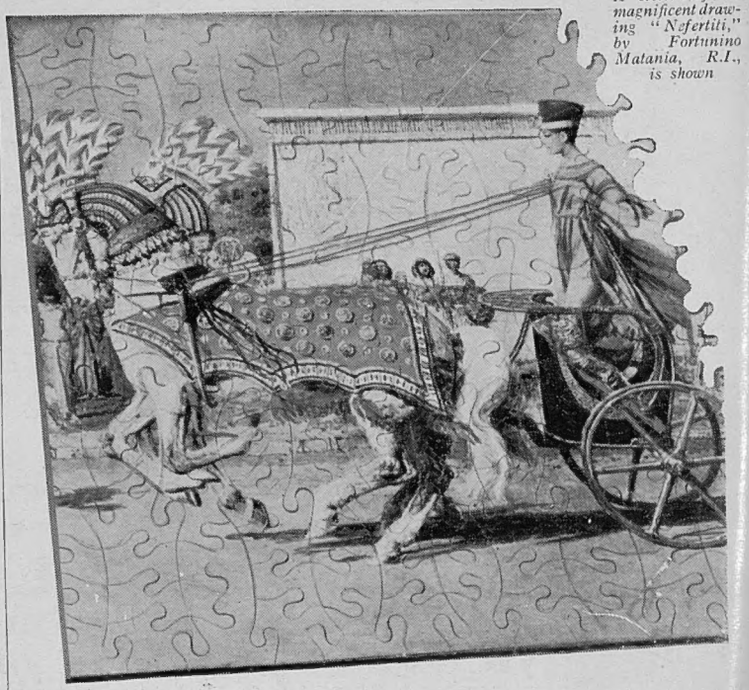

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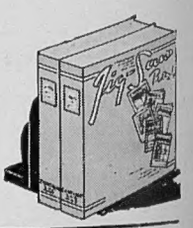


The Bystander

Zorina Dances in "On Your Toes"

On Your Toes is at last due at the Warner Cinema, and Vera Zorina will be seen in Leicester Square in roughly the same part as she was seen in at the Palace Theatre in 1937. Roughly, because it has been expanded from the stage version for Hollywood's leading exponent so far of the ballet (though Baronova's rise from a supporting role in *Florian* to the lead in *Ballerina* will challenge this position). *On Your Toes* is Zorina's second film, her New York stage work filling the long gap between it and *The Goldwyn Follies*; Georges Balanchine, her husband, arranged her dances, and Eddie Albert plays opposite her. Next on Zorina's programme is *I Was an Adventuress*

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

We hear a lot about Anglo-French co-ordination and how successful it is being. But ask anyone who has tried to go to France on business, or anyone who has tried to exchange francs into pounds, and you will find a very different story. The restrictions on general Anglo-French relations, so far as the individual is concerned, are a solid mass of red tape, particularly on the British side. A well-known English publisher, wanting to go to Paris on business, has had to wait four weeks for his exit permit. And this is only one case out of many. The postal service also is very bad. When the weather is too bad for flying, it seems to occur to no one to put the mail on to a boat, and the letters just lie about until the weather improves.

The money restrictions between Britain and France are just as bad, and again the fault is mainly on the British side. A Frenchman holding sterling cannot get his London bank to buy francs for him with his sterling without filling in endless forms. A Frenchman, living abroad with a dollar balance in London, can only buy francs by first buying pounds. Thus he has a double transaction and a double commission to pay. We can hardly be surprised that the French are getting restive about it.

The position of the Army Officers' Emergency Reserve has been getting worse and worse, and thousands of men who served in the last war were getting bored and irritated by the refusal of the authorities to give them any sort of idea whether, and if so when, their services will be wanted. Most of them would try to join in some other war service, but, having signed the form and given a gentleman's agreement to join up when called upon, naturally they have had to go on waiting.

At long last the War Office has issued a statement. Nearly all the officers of the Territorial Army Reserve who are likely to be wanted in the next six months have been notified. Of the officers of the Officers' Emergency Reserve (where most of the complaints have come from), about 75 per cent. have been examined by boards. When the boards have completed their reports, the officers will be "redivisioned" into three categories: (i) those likely to be wanted in three months; (ii.) those in six months; (iii.) those after six months, if then, if at all. It seems all very slow and cumbrous, and most discouraging to enthusiasm.

The nation-wide campaign against "Careless Talk" does not come a moment too soon. It has been proved up to the hilt, over and over again, that the Germans have got a formidably efficient spy-system in this country. The casual gossip, especially between strangers in blacked-out trains, is often criminally dangerous. And, of course, the patriotic Englishman, overhearing such gossip, is instinctively averse from making a scene and telling the gossipers to shut up. But he ought to, all the same.

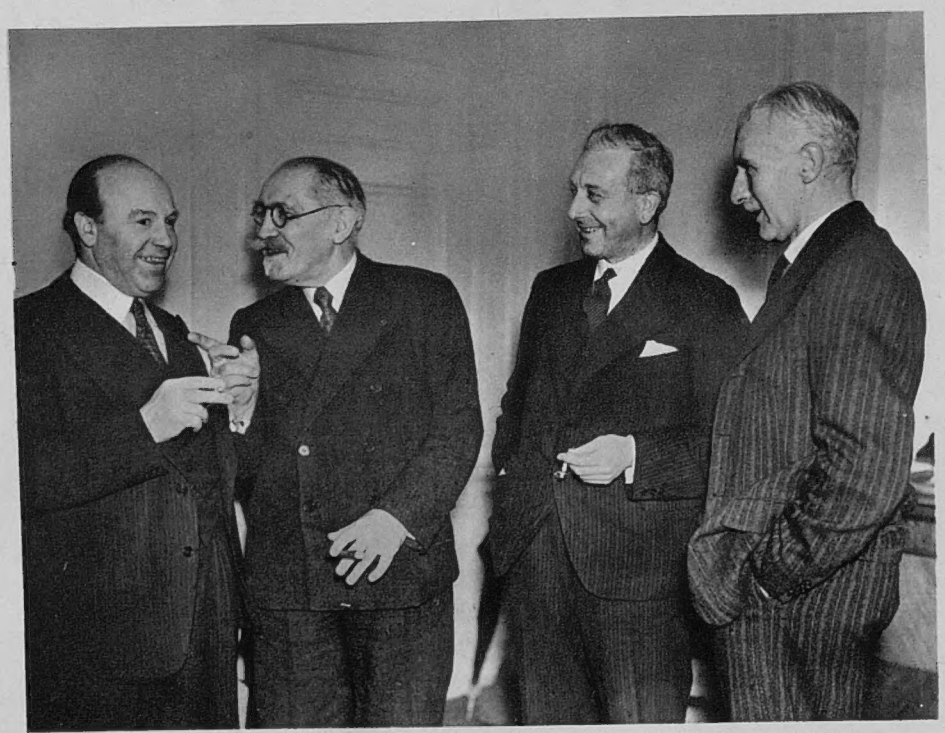
The representative of the *Daily Worker* has been refused an exit permit by the British authorities to go to Finland. I submit with respect that this is an utterly wrong policy. So long as the *Daily Worker* is published in this country (and I for one wish that it wasn't), they are entitled to the same facilities as other papers. Besides, their representative might get a souvenir on the top of his noggin in the shape of a bomb from his Soviet pals, and thus get two exit permits, so to speak, within a few days of each other.

President Roosevelt has stated that he is tired of attempts to "smoke him out," and that he will announce his own plans when he wants to at his own time. It is obvious that he must not commit himself too soon to "withdrawal," because he would then lose much of his influence in the matter of the choice of a successor. The paramount interest in the President's mind has always been "continuity of policy." Above all things, he wants the New Deal to go on.

It has been announced that the Pilgrim Trust is giving a grant of £25,000 for the encouragement of music, drama and the arts during wartime. Lord Macmillan is the chairman of a small committee to draw up a scheme. Mr. George Dyson is to be honorary director of the musical side, Mr. L. du G. Peach is to undertake the amateur dramatic movement, and art will, of course, be under the direction of Sir Kenneth Clark (who must by this time have overhauled Sir Walter Monckton in the number of his activities). All this is very capital.

But there is one point which I do not care about in Lord Macmillan's scheme for administering the Pilgrim Trust's money, and that is his reference to the drama. Apparently only the amateurs are to be helped. This to me seems grotesque. The Old Vic has been closed for the lack of a couple of thousand pounds, and not a single touring company is playing the classics in the provinces. It is all very well to give the amateurs some assistance, but, as in every other art, it is the professional who is the mainstay. And this part of the scheme should be altered at once.

The Vic-Wells is the nearest approach to a national theatre that this country possesses. When war broke out the Old Vic was playing at the Buxton Festival, and had a company and repertoire all ready to come to London. But for want of this infinitesimal sum of money the Vic was unable to open. As all the readers of the Bystander know,



Scientific planning: *the newest result of Anglo-French co-operation is the mobilisation of scientists in a joint war effort. Already a National Centre of Scientific Applied Research has been set up in France and there is a Director of Scientific Research in the Ministry of Supply here (Dr. H. J. Gough), with a liaison officer (Lord Suffolk) in Paris. Prior to the arrival of a permanent French mission in London, a group of French scientists arrived in London recently, conferred with ours, visited laboratories. Herewith Professor Paul Langevin, head of the delegation (beard), with Professor E. N. da C. Andrade, F.R.S., Dr. Gough and Professor A. V. Hill, Secretary of the Royal Society*

we have been consistent supporters for years of the Vic-Wells, and if any of my readers who are Vic-Wells fans can help in bringing the attention of the Pilgrim Trust to this matter, they will be doing a great service to the Drama and, incidentally, to themselves.

A FEW minutes after I had written the last three paragraphs I saw Bernard Shaw's letter in the *Daily Telegraph* in which he points out that the wireless has raised the standard of entertainment in the minds of the ordinary people to a height infinitely beyond that of the last war. Where the soldiers on leave last time thought the Bing Boys a masterpiece, this time they will look for something better. And what better could they get than the ballet at Sadler's Wells?—"one of the most astonishing artistic developments in the theatre of our time." "The male dancers," goes on Mr. Shaw, "are as good as any in the world. Necessarily they are young; their ten years' technical training has to begin when they are children. Consequently they are all of military age." Are they to be called up and sent into trenches to fill places that any ordinary labourer could fill? Or are they to be treated as key men in a great artistic industry? If they are called up, the ballet at Sadler's Wells will be hopelessly crippled, and a fine instrument of cultural propaganda destroyed.

NOR is Mr. Shaw's case for the exemption of male ballet-dancers from military service met by the exemption, on the same day that Mr. Shaw's letter was published, of Mr. Michael Somes. The committee exempted Mr. Somes on the ground of personal hardship, in that he would lose the fruits of ten years' training. Mr. Shaw's case is that he should have been exempted—with all the others—as a key-artist.

ANOTHER relic of the past disappears this week when Aldridge's move their auction mart from St. Martin's Lane to the neighbourhood of Euston. This famous old market for dogs and horses was founded in 1753, and its premises at the back abutted on to a farm. The back part of the yard at Aldridge's is still called "the farm" by the staff. But after this week no one will call it "the farm" any more.

PROFESSIONAL Association football is rapidly being allowed to slide into an untimely grave by the governing bodies. The difficulties certainly are great, but the Football Association and the Football League will have to come to the financial rescue of a lot of clubs if the game is to be held together. On a recent Saturday afternoon only one match was played in the entire country, and only 800 people watched that.

NO doubt it is the business of every law-abiding citizen to applaud the police when they are successful in seizing a malefactor. But I cannot help feeling sorry that the gaiety of the country has been sadly diminished by the recapture of Mr. Thurston after a search of 179 days. The only consolation is that he will be out and about again very shortly, I expect.

SO *Me and My Girl* is coming to an end at last. At the beginning of its run some years ago it was very nearly a flop. When it was at the peak of its fame it was taking £4000 a week at the box-office, and thoroughly deserved it.

I WENT down last week to a debate at the Cambridge Union (or should it be called Debating Society?). The President this term is strongly in favour of heckling, interruptions, and general back-chat. He himself contributes no little to this informal exchange of repartee, and the whole atmosphere was not unlike the Players' Theatre when Mr. Alec Clunes is doing his celebrated turn as Mr. Langworthy Figg.

BUT I was assured that Cambridge is not always so frivolous. The rest of the debates this term are to be strictly political, because almost every undergraduate has become a wildly enthusiastic politician since the war—and especially since the Russian invasion of Finland. The Communist undergraduates are still vocal, energetic, and undaunted, either by the Kremlin's loss of international decency or their own occasional loss of trousers.

Two weeks ago with some pictures of Lady Gater's National Gallery canteen we picked on the "canteen's excellent Indian tea" for special mention. The Indian Coffee Market Expansion Board has politely and informatively put us right. Indian tea is not served but Indian coffee is, and this is how: 1 lb. of it is put into a hot 10-pint enamel jug, 5 pints of boiling water are added, the brew is stirred with a wooden spoon, stood, stirred again, topped-up with boiling water and decanted, a gallon of it, into an urn for serving. Lady Hamilton Grant and Mrs. Cecil Berens, who perform these rites, have to alternate right and left hands to be able to keep pouring and stirring in the rush-hour.

The Distinguished Service Order *went to the respective commanders of the submarines Ursula and Salmon — Comdr. George Phillips and Comdr. Edward Bickford — at the King's first Investiture of the war*

Officers of the Submarine Salmon *also got the D.S.C. — Lieut. Robin Hancock, Lieut. Maurice Wykeham-Martin, Warrant-Engineer Lancaster*

The Distinguished Service Cross *went to Lieut. John Greene, Lieut. John Eaden and Lieut. Aston Piper (R.N.R.). Lieut. Eaden's ship is the submarine Spearfish, the others are of the Ursula*

Diplomat-Dramatist at Home

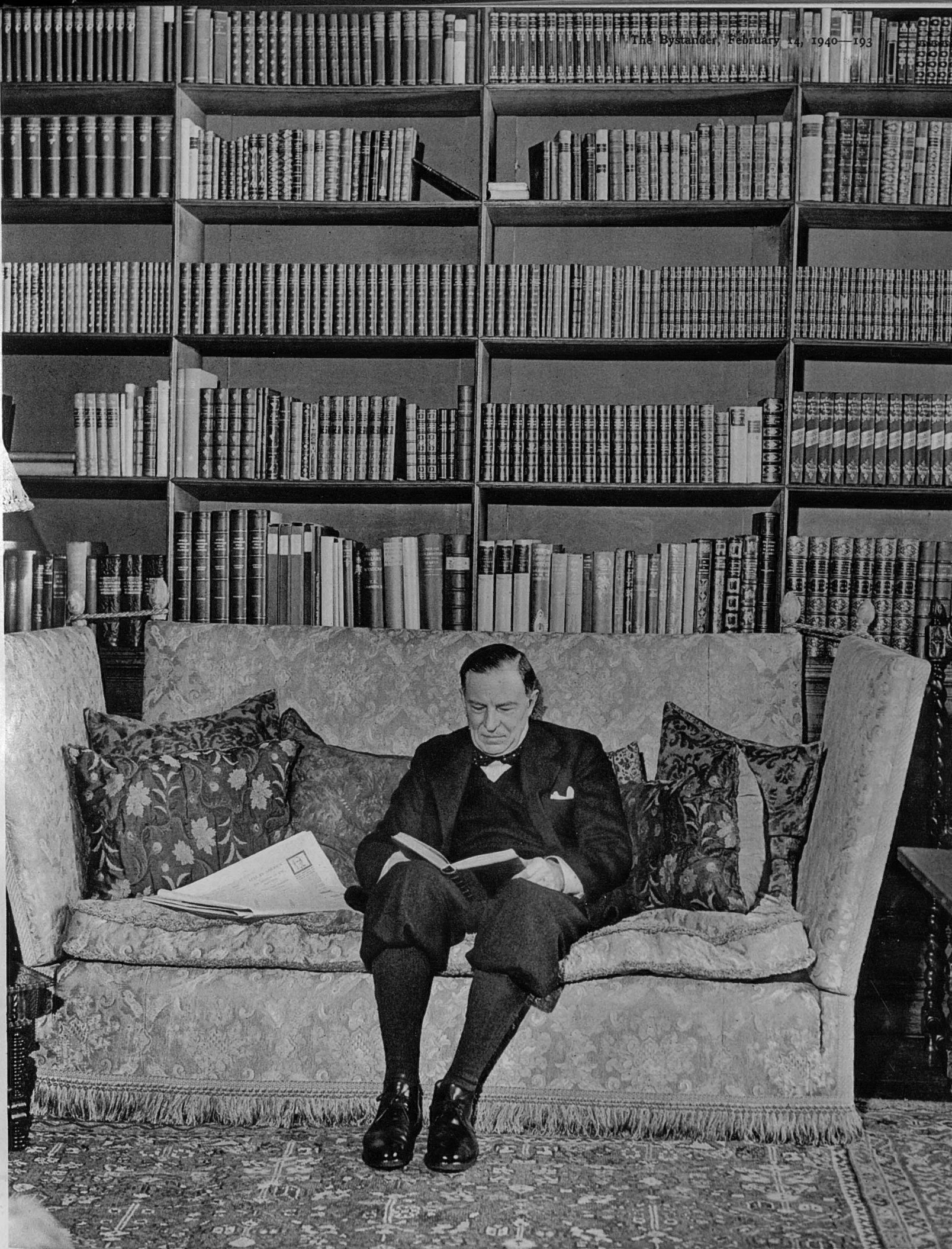
Sir Robert Vansittart at Denham Place, Bucks.

Robert Gilbert Vansittart started an orderly carrière de diplomate at the age of twenty-one, when he went into the service as an attaché in Paris after an education described in *Who's Who* by the single but correct word: Eton. He saw the world under his Britannic Majesty's ægis in Paris, Teheran, Cairo, Stockholm, spent the last war as Assistant Clerk in the Foreign Office. At the beginning of the peace he was Secretary to Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary (1920-24), thereafter Assistant Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and principal private secretary to the Prime Minister, 1928-30, and Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, 1930-38, when he was given his present post, Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Foreign Secretary. He was, therefore, advising the Government on foreign policy throughout the fall of Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Poland, and whatever history's verdict on British diplomacy during the 1919-39 truce, this man will take no small share of praise or blame. Sir Robert Vansittart also writes, having eight books and seven plays to his credit. His *Dead Heat* was given at the Malvern Festival last year, and his newest, *On the Run*—a comedy-thriller—opened at the Lyric last night

Beneath a portrait *of Henry Vansittart, predecessor of Warren Hastings in the governor-generalship of Bengal, stand Sir Robert and Lady Vansittart. She was Sir Colville Barclay's widow when she married him as his second wife in 1931*

More ancestors *deck the staircase*

The house, *a model of graceful symmetry, was built by Sir Roger Hill in 1680*



The Chief Diplomatic Adviser *sits in his library and puts aside the "Observer" for a random book. This is where he writes his plays*

Engagement: Miss Stuart and Pilot-Officer Dowding

Pilot-Officer Derek Hugh Dowding, R.A.F., is the only son of Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding, the A.O.C.-in-C. Fighter Command, and is twenty-one. His fiancée, to whom he will shortly be married at a London register office, is Joan Myrle Stuart, of Kensington Close, W.

Engagement: Geoffrey Keen and Hazel Terry

This young stage couple who are soon going to be married are Geoffrey Keen, son of Malcolm Keen, and Hazel Terry, daughter of the late Denis Neilson-Terry and Mary Glynne. They are both twenty-one, she a few months older than he, but he made his professional debut three years sooner than she — when he was fourteen

People

A Personality Newsreel of the Week

Music: Pierre Fol Plays for His Countrymen

Pierre Fol, the French violinist, is now Lance-Corporal Fol, attached as chauffeur to the French Military Mission in London. He practises when he can, plays to his mates, and more seriously, gave a recital last week at the Institut Français in South Kensington

Music: Dr. Heinz Unger Plays for the Finns

Dr. Heinz Unger, formerly conductor of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, gave his services to Finland recently when he conducted at a concert for the Finland Fund. The musicians under him were Scandinavians and German, Austrian and Czechoslovakian refugees, formerly with the West London Amateur Orchestra. The Finnish, Danish and Norwegian Ministers and their wives were in the audience

Stage: Walter Gore and Lisa Serova in a New Ballet

Walter Gore's new ballet, "Cap Over Mill" (music—Stanley Bate; decor — Nadia Benois), was given by the Ballet Rambert last Tuesday, the first night of the Rambert season at the Arts Theatre. Lisa Serova, formerly with the Russian ballet, has now gone back to Mme. Rambert's company

Inspection: Sir John Reith and Posters

All the posters in the Ministry of Information's "Careless Talk Costs Lives" campaign were inspected by the new Minister. Fougasse, who is responsible for a brilliant comic series of anti-gossip drawings, is on the right; Sir Kenneth Lee, Director of the Radio and Communications Division of the Ministry, is on the left. Sir John Reith is now M.P. for Southampton (returned unopposed), took his seat in the House last week

Inspection: Sir John Anderson and Gadgets

Sir John Anderson, when he opened the A.R.P. Lighting Exhibition at the Building Centre in Bond Street, was presented with a walking-stick with a torch in it. The Hon. Mrs. Sebastian Earl, Lord Maugham's daughter, who made the presentation, rightly pointed out that more remarkable than the stick were the spare batteries with it

Stage: Douglas Byng in a New Revue

Douglas Byng, as his admirers know, has joined some kind of women's war organisation, part of whose equipment is an umbrella. He appears in uniform nightly at the Prince of Wales Theatre, looks reprovingly at the glamour girls of the "Revue des Alliés," sings some severe songs which unaccountably reduce the audience to ribald laughter

Likeness: Marie Ney and Her Jessica Stonor Bust

Actress Marie Ney has been a recent sitter to sculptor Jessica Stonor. The latter has an exhibition of sculpture and drawings on view just now at the Ackermann Galleries in Bond Street, among them busts of the Duke of Kent and Sir Ronald Campbell, British Ambassador in Paris. Miss Stonor is a niece of Lord Camoys

Likeness: John Eastwood and Son Hugh

John Eastwood, Unionist M.P. for Kettering since 1931, Recorder of Tenterden since 1935, K.C. since 1937, has now been appointed a Metropolitan magistrate to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of the Chief Magistrate, Sir Rollo Graham-Campbell. His little son Hugh is his only child by his second marriage in 1934

Angus McBean

Ephraim and Abbie in "Desire Under the Elms"

The Westminster Theatre continues to earn the gratitude of its audiences. Eugene O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms* is for some absorbing and moving, for others an irritating disappointment, but it is anyhow a play the serious theatre-goer would regret not to have seen. Written in 1924, it is only now passed for public performance, although the Gate Theatre showed it to their members in 1929. Beatrix Lehmann as Abbie, the young wife, Mark Dignam as Ephraim, her seventy-year-old husband, Stephen Murray as Eben, her stepson and lover, and father of her child, play the three chief parts with strength, sincerity and sensitive understanding. But to be fairly judged, the play should be acted by Americans who could give the New England dialect its true flavour. (Or it might be translated into Scots and acted by Scotsmen: the hard, lonely old farmer would transpose convincingly into a dour, fanatical Presbyterian.) English-American is an unhappy language and sometimes unintelligible—particularly in a theatre full of uncontrolled coughers

"I don't mind taking orders, Sergeant— I used to be a commercial traveller"

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Junk

Those old iron bedsteads, pots, pans, bicycles, and miscellaneous metallic junk with which the public are being asked to feed the munitions furnaces are only hors-d'œuvre compared with a real snack like all those souvenir German guns and tanks of the last war which are still knocking about, and the hundreds of miles of iron park and square railings all over the country which should have been pulled down long ago, as in America. Some of the military souvenir stuff may take a little finding, many villages having got sick of their Armistice keepsake years ago and chucked it out of sight and mind. We used to know a deep, remote and sedgy duck-pond in the Home Counties out of which the camouflaged snout of a jettisoned German field-gun rose at a curiously melancholy angle, like some dumb pathetic long-nosed creature seeking its mate in vain. Rushes and weeds grew round it, ducks, moorhens, geese and all the placid feathered life of the district bobbed and swam. A typical Hans Andersen situation, we thought. The rude four-flushers of the neighbouring hamlet had got suddenly sick of it one day, dragged it off its pedestal by the parish church, and dumped it as far away as possible, and we're not surprised. It's doubtful, in fact, if a souvenir German gun or tank yielded any village more than a month's keen new pleasure, even in villages where the female pan is more than usually revolting, so the cry for scrap-metal should find a hearty response.

It may take longer to collect those park railings, to which municipal and other public bodies are passionately attached, possibly because railings are ugly, unnecessary, and a symbol of the Victorian social system. That drab westward sweep of Green Park railings from the Ritz to the Quadriga arch could be done away with very nicely, we think, without busting the Constitution, and Piccadilly would look all the better without them. Hyde Park railings have been removed once already, of course. We've seen Victorian prints or woodcuts showing the Lower Orders tearing them down, rather decorously, frowned on by astonished whiskery gents in high toppers and ladies in billowy skirts, for some demonstrative purpose or other. The Victorian Lower Orders being equally as hairy as their social superiors, one wonders how Classes and Masses kept their hands off each other's face-verdure when feeling ran high. Perhaps the fact that everybody in those days without exception looked like Lord Salisbury kept the passions well under control.

Oddly grotesque, in the slushy twilight of a winter afternoon at Charing Cross, looked those January 30 wreaths hung on the tall corrugated iron box which protects Charles the First and his bronze steed from future bomb-splinters. One would have thought it more appropriate (and decorative) to hang these tributes from the window of the Banqueting Hall, now the War Museum in Whitehall, out of which Charles is presumed to have stepped to the block. No authority seems to be clear as to which of the first-floor windows it was, and incidentally few of the art-crazy citizenry who pass Inigo Jones's beautiful hall every day of their lives know that its ceiling was painted by Rubens, though touched up more or less barbarously about four times since. Nor, we fancy, do the bourgeoisie greatly care, judging by the reports of a connoisseur we know who used now and then to touch a citizen on the shoulder as the bus rolled down Whitehall and politely inform him, getting the answer "Oh, yes?" or "So what?", and on one occasion a sock on the nose from a drunk citizen who thought our friend was aspersing the honour of his wife.

Anyhow, it struck us as being more sensible to hang commemorative wreaths on the Banqueting Hall than on a corrugated iron shed, but we've no wish to make an issue of it. This little annual ceremony inflames no political passions, unlike that wreath-laying before St. Joan's statue in the Rue de Rivoli a few years ago when the police and the romping Action Française boys used to come to grips, and the characteristic *klok* of the baton impinging briskly on the human noggin could be heard a mile away. It's difficult to think of that earnest little band of clergymen and ladies round the Charles I. statue being boffed in this way, still less having bicycleshurled at them by mobile policemen at bay, as happened during the Stavisky riots. Yet if enough people in London cared deeply about Charles I. there might be many a merry free-for-all at Charing Cross, who knows? Make it James II., to whom the modern Navy owes so much, whose memory is so grossly maligned by the Whigs, and we wouldn't mind rallying round and taking a crack at the greasy lying dogs, ourselves, and you can quote us as saying it.

"Come quickly, Sahib, elephant up tree"

Dotage

Slogger A. G. Macdonell's announcement in the Bystander the other day—you ought to read his fascinating page some time—that Dr. Watson, Sherlock Holmes's stooge, has been recently turned down by the R.A.M.C. and is now boring his fellow-clubmen frantic with stories of the Battle of Maiwand (July 1880) is correct. Further inquiries enable us to reveal that Dr. Watson, aged eighty-nine, is drunk—permanently shwipsy—and has been in that state for years. Bullied and cowed by Holmes so long, he took joyously to the bottle on his oppressor's reported death and is now in a continuous state of paf. Humped all day in the best armchair in the Club smoking-room, Watson glares bloodshot defiance at the world and keeps up a toneless mumbling. "*You gorra clue, the hell you have, the hell you gorra clue, the hell you have, you gorra clue in a pig's eye, you gorra clue up a gumtree, the hell you gorra clue, the hell you have.*" It 's a sort of chant and goes on for hours. On his head Watson wears the famous 1890-model bowler hat he wore all through the Holmes epic, even during that dreadful last day on the Reichenbach (vide Press). This hat, as Monsignor Ronald Knox has pointed out in a celebrated study, is symbolic and hierarchic, like a mitre or a *petasus*. ("It shames and heals and hallows.") Dr. Watson has worn it night and day ever since Holmes's presumed death, forty-eight hours after which he was given notice by the Baker Street landlady for dancing an eightsome reel in his nightshirt in the front parlour.

So much for poor old Watson—"that naïve but once-useful sot," as Holmes described him cruelly last week to a fellow-cryptographer in M.I.7. Holmes, aged eighty-eight, has incidentally given up smoking shag steeped in laudanum and now smokes marihuana cigarettes, which make everything seem very big and exciting and dazzling, even the Minister for Air. His more sensational discoveries are generally chucked away or turned over to the *Daily Excess* for a front-page splash feature.

Oasis

Discussing the foundation of a Nazi training college at Marburg for the future Gauleiters of Great Britain, one of the gossip-boys agreeably recalled that Napoleon once earmarked Edwardes Square, Kensington, as the site for a school for French officers after his conquest of England; and very good taste Napoleon had, also. This charming little backwater off Kensington High Street is one of the last remaining and almost unspoiled Late Regency-Early Victorian squares in town. The very nicest people—we know one—live in it, and it harbours one of the nicest, cosiest pubs there are. If it were possible to think of brawling or violence in connection with Edwardes Square we should say it would take the form of a gentleman of independent means owning an exquisitely-rolled umbrella boffing a sweet-voiced, rather imperious old lady, like a Downman print, with a scrolled silver teapot signed Paul Lamerie, a *famille rose* vase, or a small long-case or "grandmother eight-day" clock, with floral marquetry, signed Christopher Gould, circa 1690; and the voice of neither would be raised meanwhile above a seemly melodious pitch.

It seems ever odd to us that G. K. Chesterton, Kensington's most illustrious and patriotic son—the family firm still deals in half the property in the village—never wrote a Father Brown story round Edwardes Square, involving a murder of exquisite taste and refinement. You remember Chesterton's theory of background in crime? Squires (he held) should be swindled in long rooms panelled with oak. Financiers of Oriental origin should find themselves unexpectedly penniless among the light and screens of the Café Riche. Deans should be robbed of their wealth amid the lawns and grey towers of some English cathedral town, and rich and wicked French peasants bilked against a background of clipped poplars and "those solemn plains of Gaul over which broods the mighty spirit of Millet." Alas, Chesterton never devised the Perfect English Upper Middle-Class Crime and set it in Edwardes Square, W.8. Perhaps decency forbade.

Sweetheart

We were pleased to note Mr. H. J. Greenwall's recent claim in an evening paper that Mistinguett at the moment doesn't look a day over sixty. Lack of chivalry has inspired too many thoughtless Parisians and others to take a crack at this charming ingénue's age during the last hundred years or so. We 've even heard her described, in a graceless parody, as a "rose-red cutie half as old as Time," and a year or so ago somebody was putting round an absurdly exaggerated story that she got her first stage-engagement from Molière as the drunk milkman's aunt in *Le Misanthrope*. Such wild estimates put unsettling ideas into the poor dumb noggins of the West End Theatre Public, which, though it has a Chinese fidelity and reverence for extreme old age, still likes to believe that no dashing *jeune premier* at present in the public eye is more than fifty years old. (No, it 's no use turning up *Who 's Who in the Theatre*. You won't find it.) We feel that way, too, and as Flaming Youth totters to and fro before the footlights or creaks its indomitable way through a dance or two our applause is deep, loving and sincere.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Ought those ducks to be flying upside-down?"

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"I likes that sayin' about yer Maginot Line, Monsewer:
'They shan't get through without a pass'"

Films of the Day

Boy and Girl Make Good

By George Campbell

Admiral Yarnell, former C.-in-C. United States Asiatic Fleet, comments "pretty forthrightly" on Japanese war methods in the new "March of Time," "Crisis in the Pacific." Our critic comments on the film here

I'm getting a little worried about John Garfield. Aren't the Warners making a mistake in typing him so monotonously? Must he always be the outcast, fortune's football, kicked from pillar to post? I don't know how you feel about him, but I am bored with hearing him moan about his destiny, about the gods that keep going out of their way, in their idle, spiteful fashion, just to do him a dirty trick. "The world," says George Eliot, who was not much given to wisecracking, "is so inconveniently constituted that the vague consciousness of being a fine fellow is no certain passport to success." The young man Mr. Garfield always plays sees himself as a victim of destiny, oppressed by God and misunderstood by man. Actually, of course, he is just an illiterate egotist with a talent for self-pity: a familiar type, and tiresome.

"Dust Be My Destiny" repeats the old formula. The young fellow wrongly convicted has difficulty in going straight. So far, his case is sound. But then his habit of pitying himself gets him into trouble. He is sentenced to thirty days for vagrancy, is grossly impertinent in court, and is rather naturally given ninety days instead; and from this promising beginning he behaves like a petulant moron. When a warden with a notoriously weak heart falls down dead after a quarrel he assumes that he will be charged with murder, though the dead man's stepdaughter is there to testify to his innocence. So what does he do but run off, taking the girl with him. In real life such a weakling, in such circumstances, without money or trade, would infallibly drift into crime, and in the film he does contemplate it. He walks into a restaurant with a gun in his pocket, only to be offered a free meal by the proprietress before he can say "Stick 'em up!" This unusual opening gambit so disconcerts him that he goes back to comfort his weeping wife with the intelligence that the lead's in the gun, the dough's in the till, the cop's on his beat, he's a good boy still.

Most film producers have their own special line. With the Warners it is social crusading. Ever since *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* they have delighted to show miscarriages of justice and the horrors of American prisons and reform schools. One has to admit that when it comes to self-criticism, Americans can both dish it out and take it. So long as the Warners keep exposing corruption and cruelty dramatically, I'm all for it; but I do wish they'd vary the formula a bit, and for once keep John Garfield out of it.

***"Dust Be My Destiny,"** complains our critic here, keeps John Garfield (left) too much in his old style of role, downtrodden goodfellow, or—as the campaign sheet puts it—"a nobody on the road to nowhere." Priscilla Lane (right) is the girl who walks with him through the valley of suspicion of murder and comes out into the sunlight. The film went to the Warner ten days ago*

Three or four years ago Ginger Rogers was just a dancer, Fred Astaire's partner. Long before most people realised it she had become an actress, and I should be surprised if to-day she hasn't a bigger following than he has. Figure apart, she is not beautiful, though her quaint little face is very pleasant to look at; but she has qualities more important—intelligence, quiet humour, and a wistful charm like no one else's.

In *Fifth Avenue Girl* she is at the top of her form. The story is slight enough. A harassed millionaire (Walter Connolly) meets a girl out of work in the park, and is so impressed by her shrewd philosophy that he engages her to straighten out his family troubles. By the time she has finished, the millionaire's wife has discarded her gigolo, his son has given up polo and gone to work (solving the export problem in five minutes) and his daughter has run off with the Communist chauffeur. A mélange, as you see, of *Good Girls Go to Paris*, *My Man Godfrey*, and *Three-Cornered Moon*; but none the worse for that. The acting—particularly Miss Rogers's—is charming, the dialogue is witty, Gregory La Cava's direction is as slick as ever, and the art director is our old friend Van Nest Polglase, which I always think the most impressive name on the screen except Slavko Vorkapich.

Two new documentaries are well worth seeing. At the beginning of *Dark Rapture* my heart sank: I thought I recognised the sing-song commonplaces of the Rambling Reporter. I was happily mistaken. The commentary brightened up, and the shots of life amongst the pigmies of the Belgian Congo are the best I have ever seen of these shy and suspicious little people.

The high light is the building of a vine bridge. To get the first strand across a wide river is obviously a problem for people who have no boats and can't swim. They solve it by suspending one daring native from the top of a sixty-foot tree, hauling him back (as children haul back swings) until his rope is practically horizontal, and then letting him go. Over and over again he swoops out across the river, only to miss a hold on the opposite side by inches. When at last he crosses you feel as Columbus must have felt when he crossed the Atlantic. The actual weaving of the bridge is almost as fascinating; and there are some remarkable shots of a hunt for elephants to be used for domestic purposes. After all the wild hunting tales of our childhood it comes as a bit of a shock to find in the Congo a Service de Domestication des Eléphants.

In *Crisis in the Pacific* the "March of Time" makes a slashing attack on Japanese policy in the Far East, with Admiral Yarnell (former Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Asiatic Fleet) talking pretty forthrightly about the horrors of the war in China. Incidentally we get vivid glimpses of the fortifications of Hong Kong and the American outpost of Guam, which the U.S. Navy had planned to fortify until Congress took fright at Japanese threats and called it off.

"Cavalcade of the Navy" (believe it or not, that is the title) starts with the Phœnicians and Romans, passes on to Alfred, not forgetting the cakes, and arrives at last at the present day, and some rather familiar shots of the British Navy. Altogether a queer, old-fashioned production, reminiscent of a lantern lecture.

"Ninotchka"

Garbo's First Comedy

This film, at the Empire, is something of an answer to *Professor Mamlock*. In that, Russia produced a powerful indictment of Germany, "the bulwark of Western Civilisation." In this, western civilisation produces a lighthearted indictment of life under the Soviet, the happy ending of the film being the heroine's decision to leave Russia and marry a French playboy. The exponent of this faintly anti-Soviet theme is Sweden's greatest expatriate, and it is Greta Garbo's first comedy. Once before she played a Russian, the tragic society woman, Anna Karenina. Now she is Ninotchka, trusted envoy of the Internationale who becomes ensnared by the wiles of international high life and the Parisian courtship of Melvyn Douglas. Her performance throughout the film is delightful, in unromantic Soviet Russia, in Paris (above) with Melvyn Douglas and Ina Claire as a Grand Duchess, in Constantinople with a renegade purchasing committee, two of whose members remind one respectively of Stalin and Blum — a coincidence not arranged, we hope, by director Ernst Lubitsch

No. 5, Grosvenor Place *was Lord Iveagh's house before the Ladies' Carlton took it over in 1930, moving there from Chesterfield Gardens*

Bridge *is of vast importance in every woman's club in the afternoons and evenings, especially among senior members. This Ladies' Carlton table was made up by Mrs. Barraclough partnered by Mrs. Douglas Whyte, Mrs. Airth Richardson playing with Lady Muriel Gore-Browne (back to camera)*

The "Bystander" visits

The Ladies' Carlton Club

The Ladies' Carlton Club, of which Hilda Duchess of Richmond and Gordon is president, is one of the most important woman's clubs in London. It has a large and influential membership among women interested in politics and social service, and since it moved to Grosvenor Place it has enormously increased its junior membership. These young members find at the club squash courts, swimming-bath, snack-bar, and before the war were also encouraged, through lectures and meetings, to take an interest in politics. Now, political activities have given place to war work, and particularly the club's own work-party. The Ladies' Carlton was originally the Ladies' Imperial Club in Dover Street, founded in 1907; changed its name when it moved to Chesterfield Gardens in 1917

Member *for many years is Commandant Mary Allen, founder and formerly head of Women's Section of the Metropolitan Police, now head of Women's Auxiliary Force*

F.A.N.Y.s *who use the club frequently are Mrs. Ulick Verney (Company Commander) and Miss Turner (Junior Commander). With them is Lady Lucas-Tooth, Sir Hugh Lucas-Tooth's Scottish wife*

Men *are admitted as guests, but most men find a woman's club pretty alarming. These two were lunching with Mrs. S. Pitt and Mrs. Woolner, and talking to them are Mrs. Barstow and Mrs. Robert Mills*

Talk, *teacups and the turning pages of illustrated weeklies are the familiar afternoon sounds in the big comfortable rooms. Here are Lady Gordon-Finlayson (centre) with Mrs. Tufton Beamish, and her daughter, Miss M. Gordon-Finlayson. Her husband, General Sir Robert Gordon-Finlayson, is Adjutant-General to the Forces*

Young-marrieds *use a club for giving their women friends lunch or tea, especially in these "evacuated" days. Mrs. Richard Des Vœux (left) and her guest sat in big armchairs to drink their after-lunch coffee. Mrs. Des Vœux was Jean Elkington before her marriage last autumn; her husband, Captain Des Vœux, is in the Grenadier Guards*

The snack-bar *would once have made long-standing club-women shiver with distaste: now it is one of the most pleasant and popular places in a well-run and up-to-date club. Mrs. Trevor Hill (right) brought in two friends, set them on high stools, and gave them a good and rapid meal to set them on their afternoon ways*

Lounge-waiter *is W. F. Dunhill, busiest when teas are being served. He has been with the club for nearly thirty years*

Hall porters *are H. Ives, who has been in the club's service for eight years, and E. Clark, who has used his talent for remembering faces, answering questions and transmitting messages for two years longer*

The chef *is Pierre Toulemon, who has cooked for the Ladies' Carlton for nine years. The several hundred luncheons served daily are sufficient tribute to his art and members' appreciation of it*

Five minutes' *peaceful solitude is good in the middle of a day's war work. Miss G. M. Stamford, Senior Commandant in the Red Cross, comes here for it*

Junior members *are a Ladies' Carlton speciality; they are from seventeen to twenty-seven years old, but become senior members automatically if they marry. These two came in from their A.R.P. post*

A work-party *has been formed at the club; Mrs. Bridge, who is a member of the W.V.S., is one of its organisers. The party sends much of its work to the A.T.S. and other women's services*

Maids in Ballet *is the heading of this design for a can-can costume, with leg-of-mutton sleeves, a white fillet jabot, and "the open French can-can knickers under the apron, covered only by the bow and ends at the back"*

Undress Designer

Mr. Roper of the Windmill Theatre Improves Upon Nature by Art

The Maid, *now quite ready to serve afternoon tea, or whatever it is, trips down the corridor in Mr. Roper's design*

"Lottie" *has been in wardrobe departments of West End theatres for over fifty years, is known to everyone on the stage; she has worked with Bobby Roper for seven years. Her full name, Mrs. Charlotte Little*

ONE of the realms where art is universally admitted to be able to improve on nature is that of bodily charm: Anatole France pointed out, not first, but wittiest, how a naked woman cannot compete with a clothed woman for men's interest. In England, the most tasteful as well as the most daring exploitation of near-nudity is at the Windmill Theatre, whose non-stop Revudeville completed its eighth year last month. On this page we introduce to you the twenty-five-year-old man who designs the costumes that embellish the girls that appear on the stage of the Windmill. Robert St. John Roper went from the Slade to the Southend Repertory, designed costumes for Fay Compton, then for the George V. Jubilee Pageant (5000 of them), Markova-Dolin, Josephine Baker, *Fire Over England*, elephants and fairies. He has been at the Windmill for a year

Helena Lynne, *secretary, discusses new designs with Bobby Roper. An important part of their job is working out minute descriptions of all costumes to be worn on stage for approval by the Lord Chamberlain's office*

Margaret, one of the "Revudebelles," models this Roper creation consisting of a black lace drape and skirt and a red velvet bow

***Joan Rock** gets measured by Roper for a new dress: most of the girls are constantly re-measured, especially in their first year, the hard work changing their figures considerably*

***Muriel Robbins**, just promoted to Windmill stardom from the ranks of the chorus, is fitted for a garden-party dress in white muslin trimmed with pink and black velvet*

***Pat Mahoney**, twenty-year-old principal of ballet, demonstrates the visual attractions of another can-can dress on the right, and, below, even more important, tries it to see if she can dance in it. It is mauve and green, trimmed with silver sequins*

"Hollywood Cavalcade"

The film industry produces a retrospective picture about itself

Hollywood has been self-conscious for some time: as far back as 1937, *A Star is Born* gave an idea of what Hollywood thought of itself; then there was *The Hardys in Hollywood*, and others. Now 20th Century-Fox have plunged sans façon into motion-picture history, and give us, woven round a personal history, a romanticised technicolour glimpse of the growth in forty years of one of the world's great industries. *Hollywood Cavalcade* is at the Odeon

***1. The story starts** when Mike Connors, down-on-his-luck Irishman, signs Molly Adair as a gamble, takes her to Hollywood and pushes her towards stardom under his own direction. Cap on backwards (see cameraman) was the sign of the tough guy then* [Don Ameche, Alice Fay]

***2. She finds** to her disappointment that, instead of a big romantic role, she is expected to play in slapstick comedies, then about to burst into public favour; and even has to submit to embraces from the stock American figure of fun—the Englishman* [George Givot]. *At back, Buster Keaton*

***3. Custard pies** are the order of the day, and several of these tasty dishes are expended on the faces and persons of Alice Faye and Buster Keaton, the intended recipient—the Englishman—escaping pieless. Alice Faye is said to have enjoyed this part of the film as much as anything in her film career*

*4. **A ducking** continues the process of glamourising the star of the old nameless days, after which, soaked parasol on high, she is pushed off on a period piece of motor-bikery by "frozen-faced" Buster Keaton*

*5. **She aids** the Keystone Cops, forerunners of the Marx Brothers, in their excruciating exploits with the traffic . . .*

*6. . . . **And poses** on a rock with a bunch of bathing beauties*

*7. **This costume** was copied for Alice Faye from old stills of the Mack Sennet bathing beauties, whose daring undress was a feature of pre-war films, led to even more daring undress after the war, and finally to the appearance of rampant morality in the shape of the Hayes office*

*8. **The story ends** with the arrival of talkies; Molly having emerged as a dramatic actress at last, married the wrong man, but lost him in a car accident, and partnered up with her old director, Mike Connors, for life and future film triumphs. Darryl Zanuck produced; Irving Cummings directed*

Miss Charmian Brinton's Six Bridesmaids

Charmian Brinton's five grown-up bridesmaids were the Hon. Valentine Hermon-Hodge, the Hon. Ferelith Kenworthy, Rachel Hatton, Diana Giffard and Frances McClean. The little girl is the bride's cousin, Victoria Brinton. They all wore mediæval dresses and head-dresses of white brocade, with cherry velvet trimmings and pink lily bouquets

Miss Brinton and Colonel Glencairn-Campbell

Colonel Walter Glencairn-Campbell and Charmian Cecil de Vere Brinton were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and left afterwards for Egypt. He is the son of the late Charles John Campbell, and Mrs. Crémieu-Javal, of 21, Pont Street, W.1. She is the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Cecil Brinton, of Yew Tree House, Belbroughton, Worcs.

Four Weddings

Mr. Graham-Campbell and Miss Maclean

David John Graham-Campbell, King's Royal Rifle Corps, a master at Eton, son of Sir Rollo and Lady Graham-Campbell, and Joan Maclean of Duart, only daughter of the late Major Hector Maclean, Yr., of Duart, and Mrs. Maclean, of 56, Cadogan Place, S.W.1, were married in Eton College Chapel. His father was Chief Magistrate, Metropolitan Police Courts, has just retired

Miss Eliott of Stobs and Mr. Parker

Another Scottish wedding was that of Alfred Nigel Parker, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, younger son of Alwyn Parker, of Foldsdown, Thursley, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Parker, and Jean Cecelia Constance Eliott of Stobs, younger daughter of Sir Gilbert Eliott of Stobs, Bt., and Lady Eliott of Stobs, of Wolfelee, Hawick, Roxburghshire, and 25, Chester Square, S.W.1. They were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Fl.-Lt. Henry Cavendish and Miss Sylvia Ryle, and F.-O. Rhodes-Moorhouse

Flt.-Lieut. Henry Cavendish, elder son of the late Tyrell William Cavendish, and Mrs. Cavendish, of Crakemarsh Hall, Uttoxeter, Staffs., and Diana Linda Ryle, eldest daughter of Edward H. Ryle, and Mrs. Alexis ffrench, of Pirton Rectory Manor, Hitchin, Herts., were married in St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The best man was the bride's cousin, Flying-Officer William Rhodes-Moorhouse, whose father was the first airman V.C. of the last war

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Prating Puritan

By V. S. Pritchett

THE general shyness about religion to-day has deprived novelists of an excellent subject. An anæmic good taste prevents them from scoffing as thoroughly as it prevents them from praying. Even the comedies of faith have become pointless because its solemnities and agonies are not admitted. Commercially—well, uplift always sells; outside of that, as Portland Place would say, in cultured panic, "We do not want to offend our listeners."

Miss Helen Simpson's *Maid No More* (Heinemann; 8*s.* 3*d.*) is a robustly stylised attempt to revive a religious issue. She sends a pair of preaching female Puritans on what, I suppose, was the seventeenth century's equivalent of a cruise—a voyage on a slaver to the Caribbean. Her Ivory Coast owes a good deal to that salty, *sauce piquante* picturesque which—the *Beggar's Opera* and Mr. Rex Whistler turned into a vogue. Miss Simpson is a spirited, learned writer with an eye for dash, colour and the provocations of the petticoat. This may sound odd as a prelude to a novel to do with the life of a saint, but it is the jam for the pill. Having been publicly whipped in Oxford, the two determined evangelicals are seen on an ill-found slaver going to the New World to be missionaries. Mary Askill, an unlettered country girl, is a modest version of Saint Joan or Santa Teresa: she is frequently moved by the spirit to testify, but she combines this mediumistic faculty with a native tolerance and warmth and a practical hand. When the ship's sails are blown to shreds and there is no thread to repair them, it is she who, pushing the Captain aside, sets to spinning thread herself out of oakum. Perpetually ridiculed and ironically asked (as things get worse and worse) to try another prayer, Mary Askill shows that practical genius of the mystics, and saves the situation.

There is no fanaticism in Mary Askill; indeed, the doctrine of salvation by Grace which, in professional hands, has led to the bitterest extremes of Calvinism, leads her on paths of humane casuistry. These shock her companion, the real type of vinegarish fanatic, a creature full of hatred who has many opportunities to sniff like a little Bethel at latitudinarianism in warm latitudes. This lady, who suffers some horse-play later on, correctly sees that the trouble with Mary Askill is that she has fallen in love with the Devil—*i.e.*, with the theatrical, quarrelsome, subtle-witted Mr. Coningsby, who (like the novelist Fielding) finds there is nothing so irresistible as a prude. Mr. Coningsby sets out to explode Mary Askill's faith and, when that is not possible, to save her from herself. Mr. Coningsby is a peacock, indeed at times a coxcomb, but he is courageous and the story of his unflagging endeavours to raise the temperature of Mary Askill's love to the heat of passion is a pleasant footnote to the *liaisons dangereuses*.

"SUMMER'S LEASE," by E. Arnot Robertson (Cape; 9*s.* 6*d.*), is a study in that spiritual malaise which has affected the children of the cultured "middles" who grew up since the last war. Douglas Caise was the son of a donnish couple whose job was a Cornish Museum and whose dislike of enthusiasm was a sort of pernicious anæmia. Allardyce, the bitter assistant curator of the Museum, saw through the Caises completely, and the boy Douglas grew up, terrified of losing his eyesight, in an atmosphere of scholarly bickerings. During pauses in their almost classic row with the British Museum, the Caises would give a brief ironical pat to their son; who writhed and went on writhing when he grew up. Exactly what he grew up to it is hard to say. Miss Arnot Robertson is no story-teller; and though she is obviously much more concerned with the formative influences which would be brought to bear upon a young boy of the period, these are far from being clear to me. She delivers a good many scientific lectures in the narratives—rather good ones—and from these one deduces she believes in a philosophy of flukes. We survive by fluke, we never achieve our ends, but we produce many important by-products. The by-products of *Summer's Lease* are a good deal more interesting than the general narrative. And these are chiefly two or three extensive and very comical episodes. The quarrel between the Museums about the Cornish Dagger is one, a quarrel which rises to heights of learned venom, pettiness and innuendo. Then there is Mr. Parmitter, the bad artist—"painterman" to his frightful, whimsical wife—who is shown enthusiastically spoiling a picture which had hitherto been passable. Douglas's affair with Corrie, a Cornish country girl, is excellent comedy too. Corrie's astonishing moral code is a first-class find in English anthropology, and one is glad that Douglas was highbrow enough to tell her she had something in common with the Kikiyu. Miss Robertson's qualities are intelligence, a hard-headed wit and a taste for—well, I was going to say the spice, but that is going too far—shall we say, the mixed herbs of science? She has it in for the Cambridge bird-watchers:

> Most people like birds, you know; some quite passionately. I expect that 's because birds are always giving themselves away about their feelings. It 's the admiration of envy; we 'd all like to do the same and can't or daren't. . . . Birds are feathered hearts. . . . Cambridge is stiff with bird-watchers. Thin-lipped dons having a fling by proxy. Lord, the talk at High Table about the incidence of the spotted-flycatcher in Norfolk.

"PENNY WHIPP," by Mr. Chris Massie (Secker and Warburg; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a novel about workhouse life, a grim piece of slumming but enlivened by a knowledge as picaresque as W. H. Davies had. Such things as the technique of the cigarette-butt collecting industry are rewardingly examined. Mr. Massie really understands the crafty pauper and his underworld. His portrait of Mercy Kibble, the prostitute, has a quiet, terrible reality:

> Mercy remembered how once she had quarrelled with a girl-friend of the streets, and the girl had followed her for weeks, never close, but at a distance of several yards. She had introduced the girl to the game and probably the young fool didn't know how to carry on without her. The dogging of her footsteps had made her ill. In the end she had changed her pitch.

Throughout the book runs this precise yet phantasmal atmosphere of horror which only Dickens and Gissing have managed before. I don't mean that Mr. Massie is another Dickens or another Gissing; he is himself, a stilted and sometimes quite commonplace writer who nevertheless has a curious gift and a real subject. Underworld books nowadays are written by sightseers or exhibitionists. Mr. Massie is far more real, more imaginative, and more nightmarish.

Sister Authors of a Book on Finland *Vandyk*

Peggy Webster and Mrs. E. O. Faulkner have a topical book coming out shortly. "Finland to the Arctic" (Skeffington) describes a winter journey they made by ski and reindeer-sleigh through Finnish Lapland. They are the daughters of Captain F. A. M. Webster, sportsman and novelist, and sisters of Lieut. F. R. Webster, R.A., Cambridge Blue, who holds the English, Army, and Inter-Services pole-vault records. Mrs. Faulkner's husband is also a Gunner, is the only son of Sir Alfred Faulkner, Under-Secretary for Mines

"Bystander" Short Story

The Spinet

By Peter Traill

Illustration by Nicolson

MISS PARTRIDGE was driving along what she had thought, when she entered it, to be a nice country lane; and by nice she meant a lane where there was little or no traffic. For, though she had been driving for a number of years now, she still found the presence of other cars an exciting, but not an exhilarating, matter. She was, however, one of those model drivers who, following the instructions in the book, kept her eyes on the road ahead of her with the result that, though she saw nothing of the countryside around her, she never failed to see the car in front of her: and this time, as there was a line of them, she had a very good view of cars in general.

Putting her foot very firmly on the brake and reducing her speed from a modest twenty miles an hour to a walking pace, she kept a safe gap between herself and the tail-end of the procession; then she cast a wary eye about her, and looked for a turning down which she could slip away. But there wasn't one and, as she loitered, car after car hooted behind her preparatory to overtaking her, and the constant hooting and the growing length of the line finally stirred her curiosity. Deciding on the evidence that something important was afoot not very far away, and thinking that whatever it was must be thrilling, she abandoned her attempt to escape and, gazing at, without seeing, the number of the car in front of her, asked herself what it could all possibly be about.

When Miss Partridge, who was approaching fifty years of age and had little or no experience of the world except what she gleaned from the more sensational newspapers which she never allowed her servants to read, let her imagination off the lead, it was apt to run in nearly every direction like a hound that has lost the scent: and the objects with which she credited the occupants of the cars would have surprised them considerably.

Actually there was no mystery about the matter at all and, if Miss Partridge had cast her eyes about her after she had made up her mind to follow the procession, she couldn't have failed to see various numbers chalked upon the trunks of the trees on the wayside and an occasional handbill stuck where it would attract attention. The reason of the assembly was not, as she thought, a concerted effort to view the scene of some crime, nor a point-to-point, nor a motor-car rally, nor several other things which she envisaged: but an auction sale.

Lord Palys had lived beyond his means, so had his father, and the Government had lived beyond the means of both of them; so Lord Palys was selling his mansion with its timber and all the furniture on which his two sisters hadn't already laid their hands, which was, as a matter of fact, a considerable amount, because they both lived in small flats in London with large husbands, and when they were all in their respective dwellings there was very little room for anything except fittings.

Miss Partridge only became aware of the nature of her business when, following the car in front blindly, she found herself inside the private drive of Pendragon, which was the name of the Palys property, and not being able to turn off without running over the grass, she was forced to continue her journey, very much out of countenance, until a large board with letters a foot high acquainted her of the sale.

Miss Partridge was comfortably off: her father had seen to that, for, in return for a lifelong devotion which had destroyed any chances she might have had of marriage, he had left her all his fortune which was managed by a respectable firm of solicitors who scrutinised her pass-book every now and again, and re-invested the surplus income in gilt-edged securities which should be no bother to Miss Partridge or to themselves.

Like most people with money, Miss Partridge, while not being miserly, was very fond of what she called bargains; a trait which led her up to London every time the papers announced the sales and brought her back again with a lot of stuff for which she had no immediate use and would probably never have any. The word "auction," therefore, made her keen as mustard, and even led her to a slight acceleration in her driving. For, if the worst came to the worst and there was nothing to pick up, she would, at any rate, have seen the inside of Pendragon, a place of which she had heard, and might also get a glimpse of Lord Palys, of whom she had also heard, and nothing to his credit either, which made him a better object for her viewing.

When she arrived at the big gravelled circle to which Pendragon was a tangent, she found some fifty cars there, and a number of villagers sitting about in the park having picnics and, generally, making a day of it because everything was up for sale from a tea-cup to an organ, so there was plenty of fun for everyone, except Lord Palys, who had declined to come within a hundred miles of the place now that the die was cast.

Miss Partridge carefully parked her car, facing the way in which she would have to leave, and leaving it, went with her small chin thrown out and her blue eyes, quiet as a rule, shining. Everything about her appeared alert, and she stepped with a firm step into what was probably one of the largest and ugliest entrance halls in any mansion in the British Isles, without paying any further attention to the park or the people in it. Once inside, she looked a moment at the rostrum from which the auctioneer was dealing with the sale, room by room, with the help of an army of furniture removers. Then, following her straight, short nose, she went down the long line of reception rooms, touching this and scrutinising that, until she had a very fair idea of what would be shortly coming under the hammer; but her enthusiasm was blunted by the fact that she could not see anyone to whom she could affix the label, Lord Palys, with any certainty, and the furniture was almost all so large that she could not, by any stretch of her elastic imagination, see any of it in her own place. At the same time, she was determined not to go away empty-handed and, realising that a mere ornament would hardly suffice to mark the importance of the occasion or give proper weight to her future references when she informed visitors that "This came from Palys' place, you know, Pendragon," she brought her mind to bear with great industry on the question. Then it was she saw the spinet. She did not bother about its usefulness, nor its attraction. She thought only about its size: and she decided that there was just room for it between the small table on which were set out her father's two small golf cups and his two war medals, and the other table on which stood a brass tray, confidently explained to have come from Benares. Having decided the matter, she noted the number of the lot and went back to the hall, where her feet gave her trouble after a little while because marble is not very restful.

Whether the price Miss Partridge paid for the instrument actually was a bargain one, or whether it wasn't is not of any real importance; she thought the spinet cheap, considering it came from Pendragon, and, when it arrived at her home she spent the better part of two days polishing the case and dusting the keys. Indeed, she devoted herself to little else, because she was a woman of singleness of purpose, and only when she deemed it clean enough to hold up its head among the rest of the contents of her drawing-room did she sit back and resume her normal life.

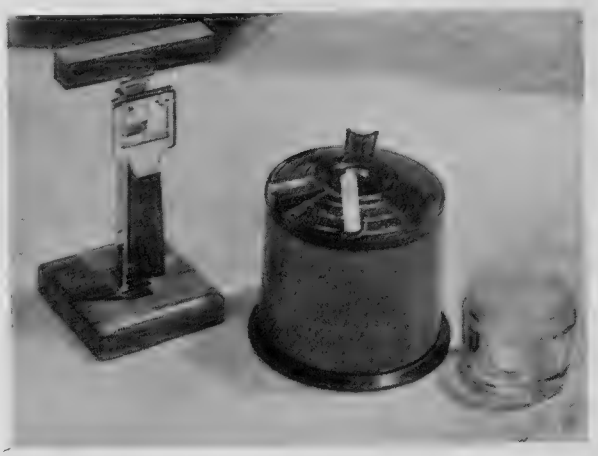
This was a lonely one because, during the years she had looked after her father she had left not only her youth behind, but the companionship which goes with it. But she was constantly setting herself fresh tasks, some of which, such as reading inordinately long novels, she accomplished, and some of which, such as re-covering her dining-room chairs in grand point, appeared likely, like Tennyson's brook, to go on for ever. She was also noted for her good works in the village; but all her occupations were essentially quiet ones, and when she sat after dinner, either with her novel propped up on a small resting table or the large frame with the stretched canvas in front of her, the drawing-room was very still. The ticking of the heavy ormolu clock on the mantelpiece, the fall of a coal in the fire and the purring of her white Persian cat alone

(Concluded on page 212)

"To Be Your Valentine"

St. Valentine's Day, suggesting all the early signs of spring in the country, deserves to be celebrated with a new hat. As a change from hoods and turbans, Woodrow, Piccadilly, suggest this version of the beret in speckled tweed, trimmed with woollen balls in the different colours, and held firmly by a ribbon over your hair. There is a scarf to complete the set, which costs 39/6. Other cap-and-scarf sets are made in stitched Angora and can be had in practically any colour

Any practical present is a good present on Service, and Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly, have learnt by long experience just what is really useful. This hand-made pigskin cigarette-case (58/6) holds thirty cigarettes and fits easily into a breast-pocket. The chromium-plated drinking cup folds down after use into its flat round container: this costs 15/-, or 32/6 in the half-pint size



It is by no means too early to be thinking about Easter weddings and the presents you will be giving. One ingenious and useful idea is this automatic cigarette-box, 26/6, from Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street. The cigarettes spring up through the hole as the top is twisted round, and the glass ash-tray fits inside when it is not being used. Another small but practical suggestion is the corkscrew and bottle-opener, in partridge wood and chromium plating, for 22/6

It is well worth avoiding the Easter rush by choosing your basic spring outfit now. If this has to cover country life or travelling, a three-piece makes a sure foundation, and here is an attractive example from Liberty, Regent Street. This one is made in a smooth-surfaced Saxony check suiting, but it can be copied in speckled Scotch tweed. The suit, cut with wide revers, patch pockets, and plenty of room in the skirt, costs 5½ guineas, and the broad-shouldered, collarless coat is the same price

The Spinet

(Continued from page 210)

broke the silence, until her maid brought her a cup of tea and a canister of biscuits before she went to bed : and once the spinet had been polished, she resumed her usual manner of life as if there had been no interruption.

The tranquillity, indeed, was unbroken except by the three noises already referred to, and Miss Partridge was about to choose a particular shade of blue from her hanks of wool when her ears were assailed with a very lively tune. At first, Miss Partridge thought that her maid had been so careless as to leave the drawing-room door open, and that what she heard was the wireless in the kitchen. Then she saw that the door was shut and, as the noise continued, realised that she was listening to a spinet. Her white Persian cat uncurled itself and, taking a leisurely stroll across the parquet, blinked at its mistress's new purchase, and Miss Partridge's attention having been thus called to it, she pushed her canvas frame away from her and went resolutely to the far end of the room. The nearer she came to the instrument the fainter grew the air until, when she stood in front of it, there was no tune to be heard at all, and the white Persian cat began to walk away in disgust.

Miss Partridge, who could not play a note, laid a tentative finger on the stained ivory keys ; and immediately she became aware of a force stronger than her own which urged her other fingers to explore the keyboard. She pressed down the keys, as she thought, at random, but to her surprise a tune was recognisable. Not that Miss Partridge knew what it was ; but even her untrained ears told her that she was playing something : and gradually she ceased to wonder where to put her fingers next on the tiny keyboard, because they appeared quite capable of deciding the matter for themselves. The trouble was that the tunes which the instrument gave out were undoubtedly what Miss Partridge was wont to call racy. Nevertheless, though she pursed her thin lips in disapproval, she found herself like a little girl with a box of assorted chocolates, unable to restrain her curiosity about what was coming next.

So it was that her maid discovered her when she came to bring in the tea, and what with her surprise at finding the cat in her mistress's chair, which was never allowed, and the mistress standing before the spinet and playing, she nearly let the tray slip. With the entrance of the maid, the music deserted Miss Partridge's fingers, and a jumble of sounds mocked her as she stood helpless before the instrument. The maid put down the tea without a word and, returning to the kitchen, informed the cook that she had no idea the mistress could play, and that, if she had known it, the last tune she thought she would have played was " Horsey, keep your tail up."

In vain did Miss Partridge think of and sometimes manage to hum over to herself something classical in an effort to induce the unseen power to compel her fingers into more fitting channels : and so great was her perseverance, or curiosity, or both, that the evenings were devoted to the spinet. How the hero would feel on page 1059, whether she could finish the chair seat upon which she was at work before Easter Monday, were questions which she no longer asked herself. Worse than that, she found herself humming the wretched tunes all over the house and actually while she was shopping, for she did all her own marketing, thus filling in the morning. The butcher had congratulated her on her version of " The Lambeth Walk," and the greengrocer had told her that he hadn't heard " Who were you with last night ? " since the smoking concert of the Old Comrades the previous November.

Such conduct naturally gave rise to rumours, and Miss Partridge would have been as astonished as her few old friends were to hear the scandalous reasons which the village assigned for her changed demeanour. No one was more perturbed about the state of affairs than little Miss Howell, who had been forty years playing the organ in the church in the same hat, and some alleged in the same dress. In the first place, she knew as a fact, and said so flatly, that Miss Partridge could not play a five-finger exercise ; and secondly, that the only tunes with which she was familiar were hymn tunes, and perhaps a clean ballad or two. So positive were the denials, however, and so weighty the authorities—Miss Partridge's maids and others—that she felt it incumbent on her to investigate

Her strategy was one of surprise, and she descended on Miss Partridge's house one afternoon without warning, hoping to get to the kernel of the nut before Miss Partridge should have any chance to think out a defence, if such should prove necessary. Unfortunately, the trouble about surprises is that they rarely succeed. When Miss Howell called, Miss Partridge was out : and though she announced her intention of coming in and waiting, and carried it out, she lost a lot of her confidence while she cooled her heels in the empty drawing-room.

She was by nature, however, a person of an enquiring mind, and she took the opportunity to poke round the room to see what was new since she had been there last : and the spinet was too large a piece of furniture to be overlooked. Besides, she had heard that it was a spinet that Miss Partridge played with so much gusto and, though she had asserted that Miss Partridge didn't own one, there one was.

Removing her gloves and drawing up a stool, Miss Howell sat herself down in front of the instrument, and having thought for some time what would be a nice thing to play, decided that " For those in peril on the sea " was what was needed at that moment. But to her astonishment and chagrin, what she found herself playing was the tune which the choirboys were fond of whistling in the vestry until the vicar arrived, the only line of which she had heard was " And what did we see ? We saw the sea."

Miss Howell regarded the instrument with horror, and a giggle, hastily suppressed, but obviously coming from the maid who had her ear to the keyhole, made her more ashamed than she could ever remember. Hastily putting on her gloves again she went and sat in a far corner of the room and regarded the spinet balefully.

On her return Miss Partridge found her still in that position, and after the usual courtesies asked her what she wanted. Miss Howell abandoned all thought of guile.

" Where did you get that spinet ? " she asked.

Miss Partridge gave her a shrewd look.

" Sale at Lord Palys' place," she said. " A lovely piece, isn't it ? "

Miss Howell compressed her lips.

" I think it is horrible," she answered at length.

Miss Partridge smiled at her.

" Ah, I see you 've tried to play it while you were alone here," she said. " Didn't you like the tune he made you play ? "

" Who is he ? " Miss Howell asked her acidly.

" I haven't the slightest idea," Miss Partridge answered her cheerfully.

Miss Howell gave her a searching look.

" I think you ought to destroy the thing," she said. " It is evil."

Miss Partridge considered the suggestion.

" Do you know the shortest sentence in the Bible ? " she asked suddenly.

Miss Howell, taken aback, gave her an uncertain negative.

" ' Jesus wept,' " Miss Partridge said. " I believe the world would be a kindlier place if it had been ' Jesus laughed.' "

A look of horror dawned on Miss Howell's face, and she left the room in headlong flight.

When she had gone Miss Partridge went across to the spinet, and faintly through the drawing-room window Miss Howell heard the first chords of " Any old iron ? "

THE END.

Career of an artist :
" All my own work "

The interior of Mrs. Bowes-Lyon's Buckinghamshire house is perfectly in period, a warm jumble of furniture, screens, hangings, pictures, photographs, ornaments, and knick-knacks, affectionately arranged and treasured as were the possessions of all house-proud women of her generation. Behind her as she sits and reads—generally biography or travel—in this cosy corner of her drawing-room, hangs her portrait, painted fifty years ago at the Hague by Salome, a noted Dutch artist of the day

The Queen's Aunt At Home

The Hon. Mrs. Ernest Bowes-Lyon in the period cosiness of her house in Buckinghamshire

The Hon. Mrs. Ernest Bowes-Lyon, widow of the second brother of the present Earl of Strathmore, is one of those admirable examples of the older generation whose vitality, style and character are unimpaired by age, unspoilt by the changing times. She is eighty this year, married in 1882, lost her diplomat husband through a riding accident in Belgrade nine years later, came back to England with her four small children, left London after her three daughters married, and has lived for twenty-five years at the Cedars. In this 150-year-old house she has made her own setting in the fashion in vogue at the turn of the century, a style of which all grown-up nieces and nephews and grandchildren of to-day have many a nostalgic childhood memory

Garden View of the Cedars, Horton

Mrs. Bowes-Lyon drives herself about the lanes and country roads or into Datchet to change her library books, behind a lively, shaggy, dun-coloured pony. She seldom goes to London, disliking its noise and hurry as much as she dislikes most of modernity's doubtful blessings. Only electric light she warmly approves as a real gift of civilisation

The screen below is one of its owner's most cherished possessions. The paintings on it are by her cousin, Algernon Drummond, and are all of views near her childhood home at Iping, in Sussex. Mrs. Bowes-Lyon was Issobel Drummond, daughter of Harvey Drummond, a kinsman of the Earl of Perth

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

On Troubled Waters

RUMANIA continues to propitiate the angry German tide, that laps her door, by pouring oil on it, in doses just large enough. She hopes it will thus subside, and not submerge her in the spring. A disturbing thing for us, because it relieves Germany's acute petrol problem; and, moreover, what British mother's son, flying in an R.A.F. machine, cares to think that British capital may be invested in the petrol-tank of the Heinkel or Messerschmitt that attacks him? This is one of the most repugnant things about war—and any war, for in this matter of Old King Oil, the merry old soul who knows neither belligerents nor neutrals, all wars are alike.

War, Overt and Covert

THE wars in the north-east and south-east of Europe—the attack on Finland, so gloriously held as yet, and the siege of Rumania—are both vital for us. Rumania is right, from her standpoint, in the tactics she is using—to try and ward off invasion by yielding a little to German pressure for supplies, for the big bad wolf is at her door, and we are far away; if Rumania, or Rumanian oil, is vital for us, we should have fought at the time of Munich. She cannot be expected now to invite a second German invasion, and the laying waste of her country for the second time in a quarter-century, on the simple hope of a second glorious resurrection in a second peace. The thought of a thousand oil-wells and refineries afire again is also a terrifying one for her; they took long enough to put out last time.

I know no people that is more with France and Britain, heart and soul, than the Rumanians, but they were too long neglected and are now in a very tight spot. The idea, that I have seen currently expressed, of a "sell-out" to Germany is ridiculous; between King Carol and Hitler exists a bitter personal feud since Codreanu, the Rumanian Nazi leader, was shot immediately after a meeting at Berchtesgaden.

Red Air Raids

PRESUMABLY the Finns must be overwhelmed by weight of numbers, when the weather clears, unless they receive adequate supplies of aircraft and artillery. But I should think their resistance to the Red armies will count among the epics of military history, and their exploits in the air equal those on the ground. When the war began, they had a few score aircraft, and with these, by all credible accounts, they have destroyed over two hundred Red aeroplanes.

At the time of Munich, I believe, Colonel Lindbergh informed his Government that the German air force was superior to the British, French and Bolshevist air forces together, and events in Finland suggest that he was more than right as far as the Bolshevists are concerned. We and the French, however, have had eighteen months, and six of these war-months, to make good the locust-eaten years.

Umbrella Airmen

IN Finland, too, the parachutist-arm has been tried, I think for the first time. This is important for us, because military experts were prepared for the Germans to use it extensively against us.

Four years ago, in Prague, I saw a Bolshevist film of the parachutists. The sky was filled with downward-floating specks; light tanks, field-guns, and machine-gunners were dropped. It was magnificent, it was fantastic; but seemingly it is not war. I thought then that the new arm had one hopelessly weak point—the long drop to earth. Surely, I thought, they would be seen before they got down, or killed soon after they landed.

This happened in Finland. I suppose the Germans, if they tried parachuting, would be much more formidable than the Bolshevists—the Finnish campaign suggests more and more every day that the Red Army has been purged to death—but it is difficult to see a war-winning weapon in the parachute.

Germany and Us

SO the survey of the fronts, this week again, spells hiatus—in Rumania and Finland. If the German-Bolshevist partnership was meant to develop, this spring, into a full, two-arms-that-strike-as-one military alliance, the Finnish campaign will have discouraged Germany.

But I do not believe this. I know that the National Socialist leaders mortally feared two dangers in a new European war—the starve-out, and the war-on-two-fronts—and they believe they have averted both perils by the arrangement with Bolshevy. Having achieved that, they do not count on Bolshevist military support, nor do they think that they need it; they rely on Germany's own strength in a *defensive* war. They will get all the oil and foodstuffs they can from Russia, and may attack Rumania or another small country. Being secure, as they think, against the attack-from-the-rear, they believe they can, behind the West Wall, stand a belt-tightening war longer than we can.

So our problem remains exactly what it was when the war began.

The Wordy Warfare

I OCCASIONALLY hear a good propagandist riposte—the broadcast about the Graf Spee most cleverly convicted the Germans out of their own mouths, and an excellent feature of our German broadcasts is the Kölner who speaks in dialect—but we are a long way behind on balance in the radio war. The broadcasts to Austrians are especially poor in psychology; nobody who knows Nazi Germany should reproach the Austrians for doing what they are told.

In the mechanics of this kind of warfare, too, we lag deplorably. The German broadcast of a gramophone record of Mr. Churchill's speech, with interruptions, was quick-off-the-mark and clever. It is vain to try and counter such thrusts by belittling the interruptions; we should broadcast the record, unabridged, ourselves, to show the Germans that our few hecklers are free to heckle. *That* would impress them. It is strange how slow people have been to awaken to Nazi methods. The German broadcast, at the outbreak of war, of a gramophone record of a telephone conversation between the American Ministers in Paris and Bucharest was, I should think, the greatest scoop in the history of propaganda, and I was staggered to think that diplomats still existed who did not realise that all telephone lines passing through Germany were tapped.

From the Rich Man's Table

IS it necessary for injunctions to us to tighten our belts always to be delivered from a groaning banqueting-board? Since the war began we have had speeches from most Ministers, saying that sacrifices must be made, that wages must not rush after prices, that victory will only be won through tears, that terrible times lie ahead, and much more of the like, and most of them seem to have been made at an ample breakfast, lunch, tea, sherry-party, dinner or banquet, far from the madding ration-card. The example of sacrifice set in these Olympian circles is not edifying.

***This patrol** ran into trouble and so into glory one night on the Western Front. Out far beyond our lines, they obtained valuable information, searched a house, were spotted on the way back and fired on, took cover in a ditch and withdrew without losses. For this two of them were decorated—and became the first to win medals for bravery in the field: Captain Francis Peter Barclay, M.C. (second from left), and Lance-Corporal Herbert Arthur Davis, M.M. (right)*

Anthony

Stormy Weather . . .

A Date for Debutantes

Mothers and Daughters Met to Discuss Queen Charlotte's Birthday Dinner-Dance

The Class of 1922, *as Seymour Leslie, Queen Charlotte's Hospital appeal organiser, calls the 1940 debutantes, was first seen en masse at Grosvenor House when they and their mothers met to discuss the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Dinner-Dance. Mr. Leslie is something of a connoisseur of debutantes, since every season he picks the Maids of Honour for the "Cake Ceremony" at the annual ball in aid of his hospital. This function now attains almost to official status, and in the wartime, Court-less season of 1940 may well be the debutantes' only entertainment on the grand scale*

Esmée Harmsworth *is eighteen, would have been presented at Court this year. She is the younger daughter of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth and Mrs. Tom Hussey, granddaughter of Lord Rothermere. Her elder sister, Lorna, came out two years ago*

Queen Charlotte's Birthday Dinner-Dance is held annually in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital at which, in wartime, wives of soldiers, sailors and airmen are given preference. This year the ball takes place on February 29th, Leap Year Night, at Grosvenor House. Lady Howard de Walden is, as usual, its president, but was prevented by illness from being at the first meeting where these pictures were taken. The Marchioness of Reading, whose younger daughter, Lady Elizabeth Rufus Isaacs, comes out this year, took the chair

Annabel Newman *went with her mother to the meeting. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Cecil and Lady Newman, of Burloes, Royston, Herts. Her father is the son of the first baronet, Sir Sigmund Neumann*

Diana Vernon *is a debutante from Cheshire. Her father is Sir Norman Vernon, Bt., of Lancelyn, Bromborough; her mother, with her here, was Janet Robertson-Macdonald, of Kinlochmoidart*

***Joan and Sheila Wakefield** (left) are the daughters of W. W. Wakefield, M.P., the famous Rugger international. Joan, presented last year, will be a Maid-in-Waiting. Sheila is a Leap Year debutante, and one of the Maids of Honour*

***Christobel More-Molyneux** (right) is helping to organise the dance. She is the daughter of Mrs. More-Molyneux, of Loseley Park, Guildford*

***Naomi Routledge, Juliet Preston, Kathleen Duncan** (below) are three more Maids of Honour. Juliet Preston is the elder daughter of Sir Edward Preston, Bt., of Beeston Hall, Norwich. Kathleen Duncan's mother, Mrs. Walter Duncan, is on the Ball Committee*

***The Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton** is Lord and Lady Noel-Buxton's eldest daughter, will be eighteen this year. Lady Noel-Buxton (left) succeeded her husband for a year as Labour M.P. for North Norfolk when he received his barony in 1930*

***Angela Head and Ann Gordon Watson** were photographed with their mothers, Lady Head and Mrs. L. Gordon Watson. Angela Head is the sister of Sir Francis Head, Bt., who is in the Camerons*

***Mary Churchill**, youngest of the three daughters of the First Lord of the Admiralty, is an important 1940 debutante. Mrs. Winston Churchill was yet another mother who went to the Grosvenor House meeting with her daughter*

Gordon — Allpress

W. Campbell Gordon, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, son of the late Campbell Gordon, and Mrs. Campbell Gordon, of Hove, and Aileen (Mollie) Allpress, daughter of W. E. Allpress, of Wolvers, Reigate, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Allpress, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Unwin — Pinckney

A New Zealand wedding in London was that of Dr. Peter Unwin, of Great Ormond Street Hospital, son of Dr. and Mrs. Unwin, of Timaru, N.Z., and Cara Pinckney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckney, of Waikaia, South Island, New Zealand. They were married at St. Barnabas's, Addison Road

Gibson — Puzey

Edward Gibson, only child of Sir William Gibson, of West Quarter, Hexham, Northumberland, and the late Mrs. Gibson, and Olga Desirée Puzey, only daughter of the late Captain A. K. Puzey, and Mrs. Theobald, of Keelars, Elmstead, Essex, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Murphy — Sharpe

Captain P. C. Murphy, fifth son of Major and Mrs. F. Murphy, of Dunsland Court, Exbourne, Devon, and Kathleen Margaret Sharpe, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Sharpe, of Moorlands, Parkstone, Dorset, were married at St. Joseph's, Parkstone

Fleury — Little

Amoret C. Fleury, younger son of Captain A. M. Fleury, of Lyme Regis, Dorset, and the late Mrs. Fleury, and Patricia Jean Madeleine Little, only daughter of the late Flt.-Lieut. Ivo Little, R.A.F., and Mrs. Little, of St. Jean, Cap Ferrat, France, A.M., were married at the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Kensington

Connolly — Jackson

Flt.-Lieut. Patrick E. G. G. Connolly, R.A.F., eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Connolly, of Worthing, and Bernice Jackson, only daughter of Sir Robert Jackson, Bt., and Lady Jackson, of Meadowside, Tonbridge, Kent, were married at Tonbridge Parish Church

Hutchinson — Myers

Flight-Lieutenant P. S. Hutchinson, R.A.F., and Barbara Myers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Myers, of Spalding, Lincs., were married in January at Chelsea Old Church

Stokes-Rees — Lewis

Lieutenant-Commander Rowland Herbert Stokes-Rees, R.N., and Margaret Lewis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lewis, of Cavenham, Woking, Surrey, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate

Vaughan-Lee — King

Sub-Lieut. Charles Guy Vaughan-Lee, R.N.V.R., only son of the late Admiral Sir Charles Vaughan-Lee, and Lady Vaughan-Lee, of Guillards Oak, Midhurst, Sussex, and Agnes Celestria King, daughter of Captain Charles and Lady Clare King, of Britwell Priors, Whitchurch, Hants., and 13, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1, and cousin of the Earl of Gainsborough, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan St.

Getting Married

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Cartwright — Grotrian

Lt.-Com. Francis Jack Cartwright, R.N., only son of the late Lt.-Col. S. J. W. Cartwright, Royal Marines, and Mrs. Cartwright, of 60, Prince's Court, Knightsbridge, S.W.1, and Suzanne Elsie Grotrian were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Grotrian, of Knapton Hall, Malton, Yorks., is an artist, pupil of David Jagger (several of her paintings have been reproduced in the "Bystander")

Jack Bayley, of Palace Yard, Beaulieu, Hants., and Countess Eva Karolyi were married at St. Peter's, Winchester. She is the daughter of Count Michael Karolyi (left), who was President of the Hungarian People's Republic in 1918. Lawrence Chamberlain (right), son of the late Sir Austen Chamberlain, was best man

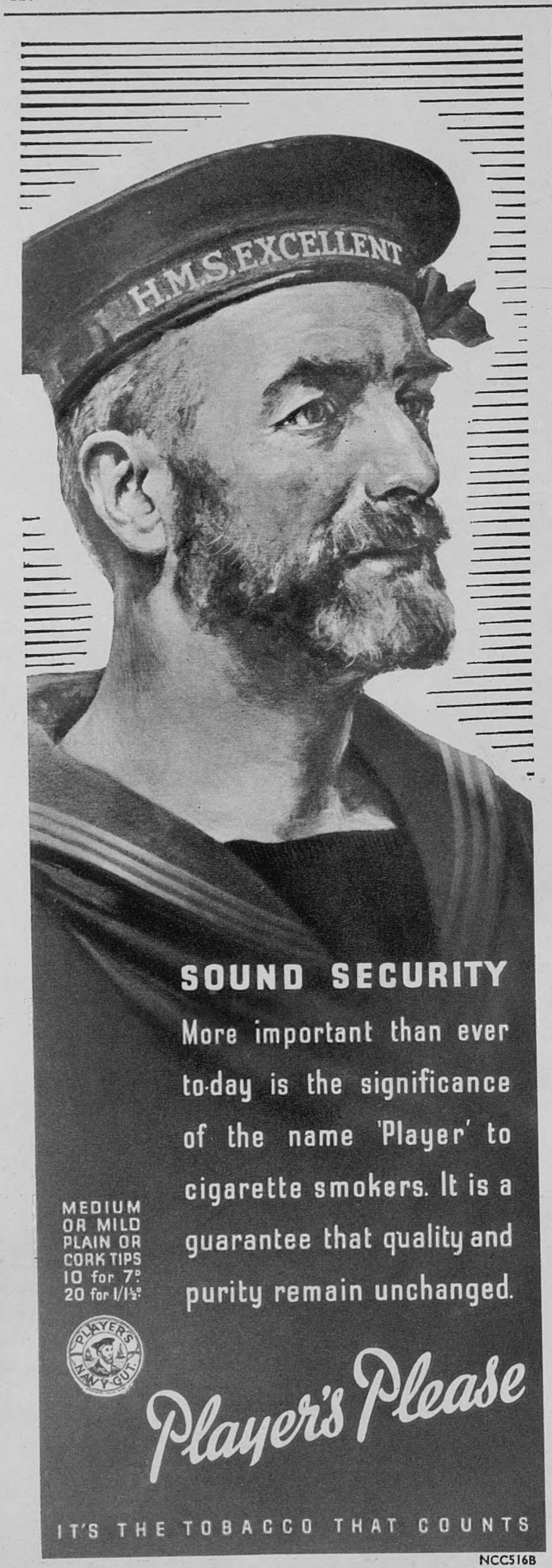
Capt. Henry Steuart Phillpotts, Irish Guards, of Russelstown Park, Carlow, son of the late Brig.-Gen. L. M. Phillpotts, and the late Mrs. F. Makgill-Crichton-Maitland, and Finola Mary FitzGerald, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Arthur FitzGerald, of Buckland, Berks., were married at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, are honeymooning in Ireland

Phillpotts — FitzGerald

Dixie — Probyn

Alexander Archibald D. W. Dixie, only son of Sir George Dixie, Bt., and Lady Dixie, of Little Bosworth, Exmouth, Devon, and Phyllis Probyn, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Percy Probyn, of 70, Fellows Road, N.W.3, were married at Brompton Oratory

Bayley — Karolyi



Motoring Commentary

By "Spare Wheel"

THE authorities put up an unexpectedly good case for this new black-out speed limit. Having been forced, willy-nilly, to swallow it (in spite of their earlier protests), they cast round for arguments to justify it, and this is what they produced. It was at a meeting in one of the grim green-walled rooms at Scotland Yard, Mr. Alker Tripp, head of the Traffic Branch, in the chair. He told us they had tried to see how far a pedestrian was visible in the beam of a headlamp mask, and found the limit was 50 ft. The average car with average brakes and average driver on a dry road takes about 90 ft. to pull up from 30 m.p.h., but only 47 ft. from 20 m.p.h. Therefore 20 m.p.h. was the proper maximum for black-out driving in built-up areas.

Now, if you have as much light in your masked headlamp as Sir John Anderson allows, you can see an obstruction, even a black-clad foot-slogger, at a good 100 ft. But then, very few of us have as much light as the law allows, and neither I nor anyone else at the meeting was prepared to challenge the police figures seriously. Besides, it is only too obvious from experience that, whenever the traffic is at all thick, whenever the conditions are ripe for accidents, it is practically impossible for any driver who is not mad (or bitten with the idea that he or she is licensed to ignore risks because of "priority") to exceed 15 or 20 miles an hour. Indeed, if the new limit spreads the idea that 20 m.p.h. is a safe speed in the black-out, it is going to exaggerate the dangers.

Therefore there is no hardship for the motorist in the new limit when applied to any road or street where the wild pedestrian is liable to trespass blindly on the carriageway. As a forcible reminder of that clause in the Highway Code which tells us that we must always drive within the range of our lights, it would in itself be useful propaganda. But making it law means that the police must try to enforce it, and although Captain Euan Wallace said that we motorists would be "on our honour," the police, or at any rate Scotland Yard, have other ideas.

All the paraphernalia of police cars, gongs, and traps are to be employed, and once again we are up against the old trouble that has lain between the policeman and the motorist since the beginning. I asked Mr. Tripp whether he would promise not to trap us on open stretches of safe road on moonlit nights, and we did get him to say that his officers would be instructed to confine their gonging and trapping to places and conditions where excessive speed would be dangerous. But the whole history of the speed limit tells us what to expect.

THE 50,000 holders of National Service driving-licences are "for it." They have all to undergo the ordinary civilian driving-test. Some of them are inclined to feel aggrieved; after giving up their time and most of their activities to the service of their country, they feel it a rather unkind reward for their self-sacrifice. But others found this new kind of licence an easy way of learning to drive and getting the right to drive without having to face that horrid test, and before any "national" driver protests, let him, or her, put hand on heart and swear that he never drives except, in the terms of the licence, on duties "essential to the life of the community."

It is true, on the other hand, that there were quite a lot of young people at the start of the war who wanted, or rather needed, to learn to drive and get licences and who, when ordinary licences and the driving-test were abolished, would have been entirely defeated but for the National Service licence.

This is exactly the reason for this new order. Anybody who saw those ambulance young ladies being taught to drive must have felt dubious of the results. Teachers did their best, but the conditions were all against proper learning. The roads were far too empty for one thing. It was like going back to the pioneer days, when it did not matter what bad habits you acquired; there were so few other cars about that bad driving was not dangerous. No, it was a very wise decision on the part of the Minister to insist that there should be no break in the rule that every motor-driver must prove his or her ability to drive without causing danger to, and with due consideration for, other road-users before receiving the full freedom of the road.

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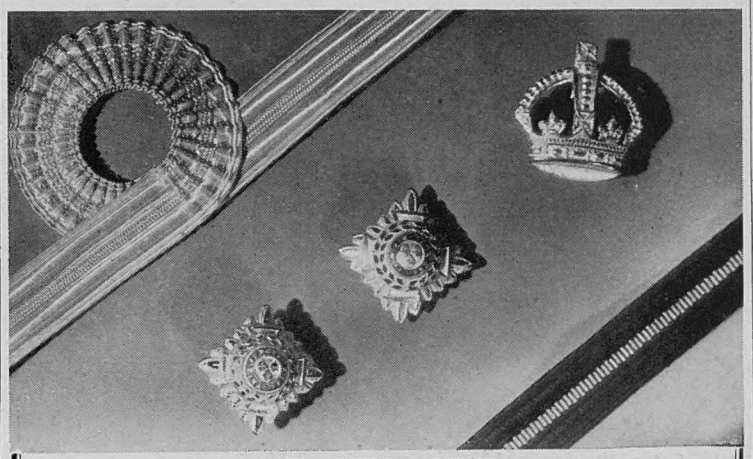

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